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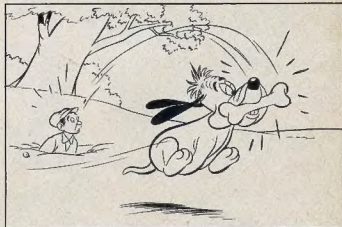
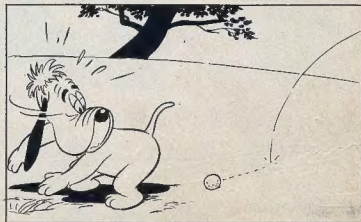
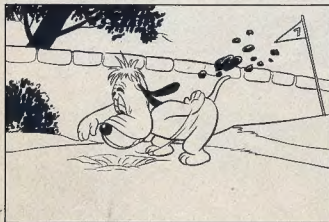
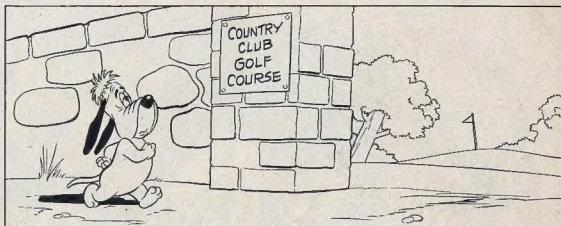
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Tom & Jerry COMICS

52 pages — ALL COMICS!

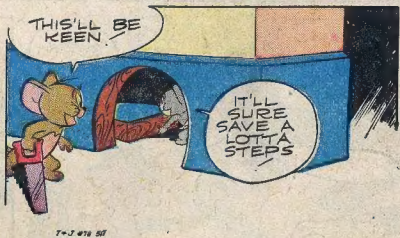
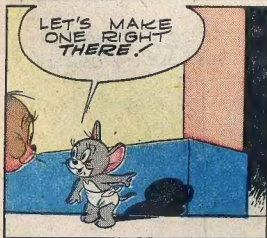
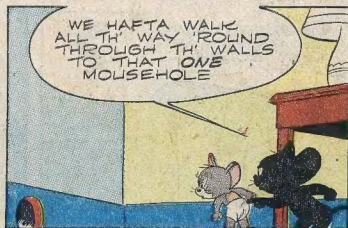
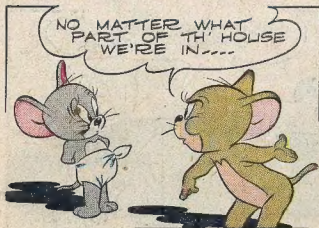
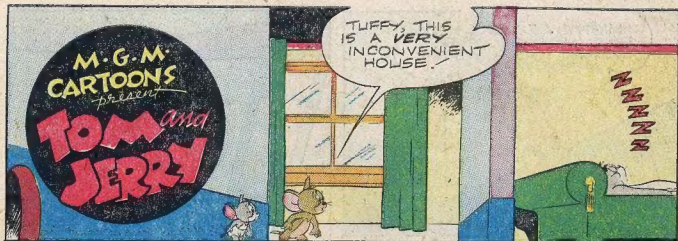


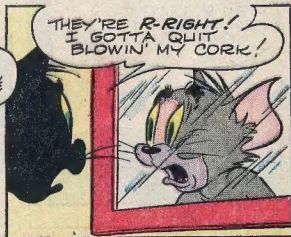
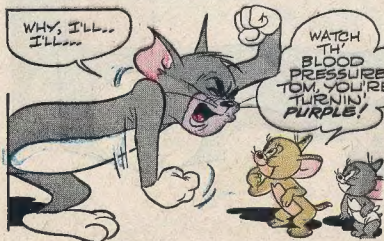
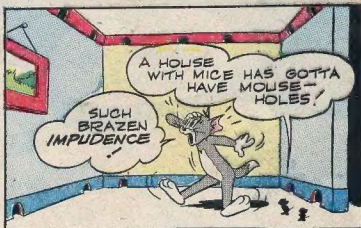
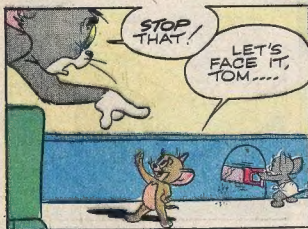
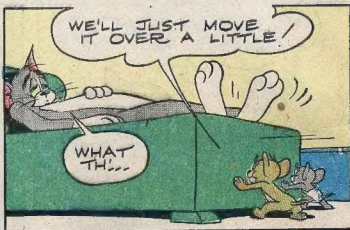
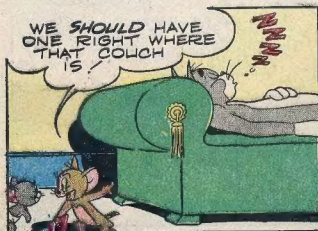
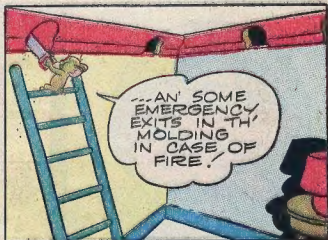
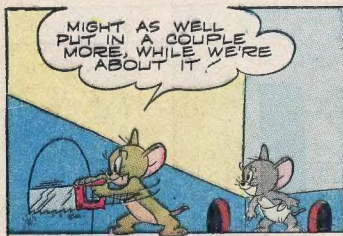
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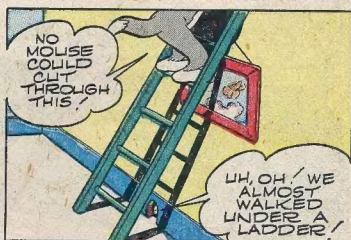
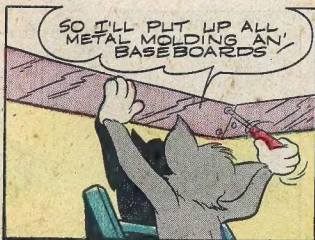
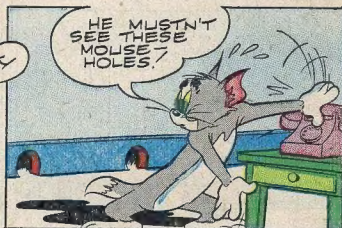
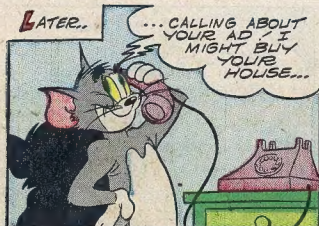


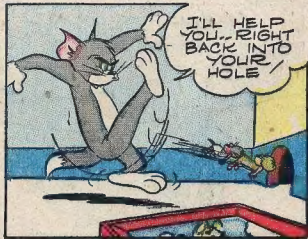
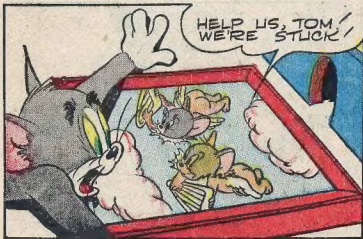
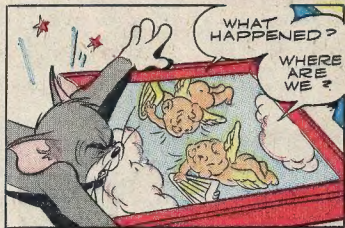
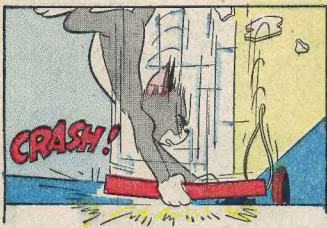
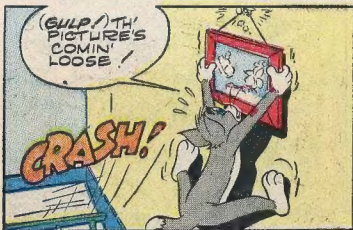
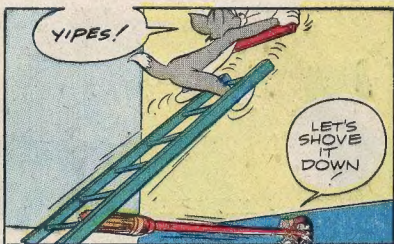
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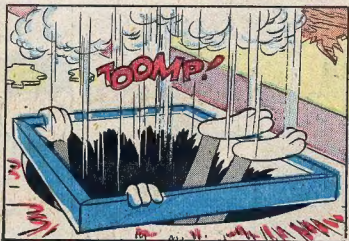
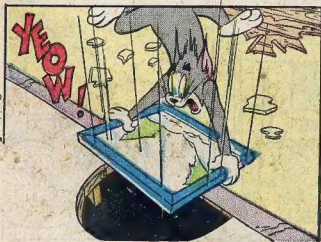
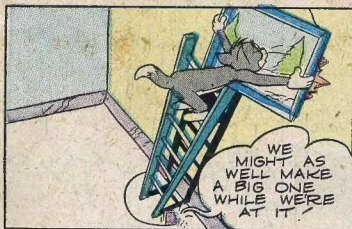
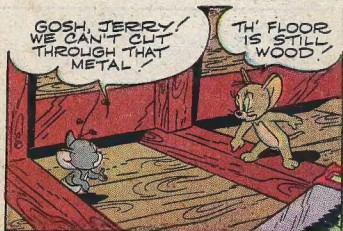
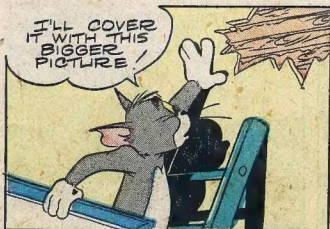
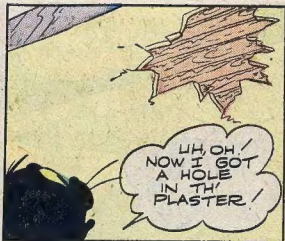
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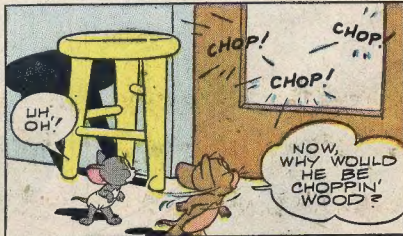
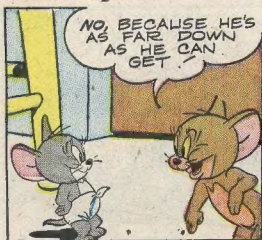
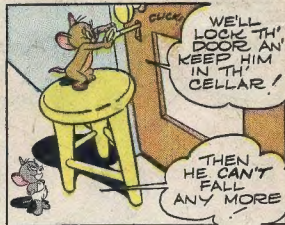
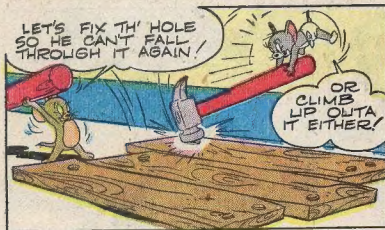
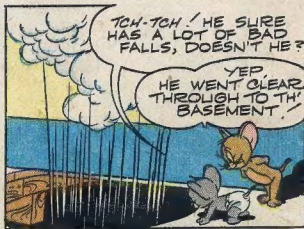
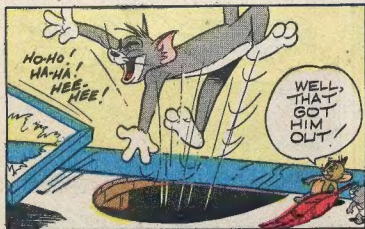
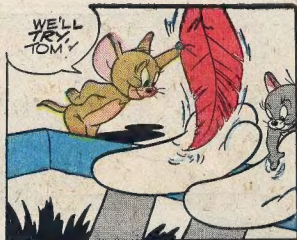


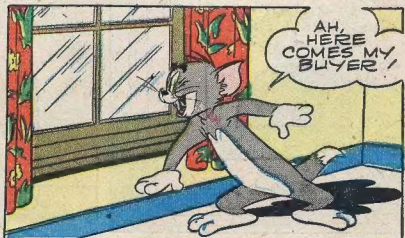
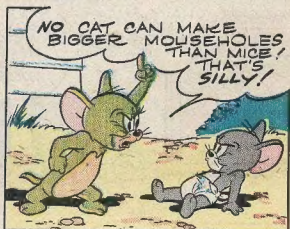
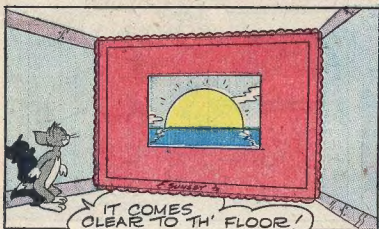
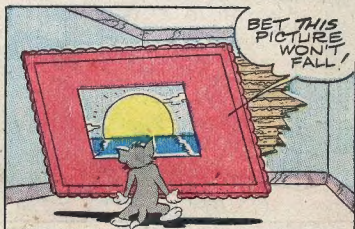
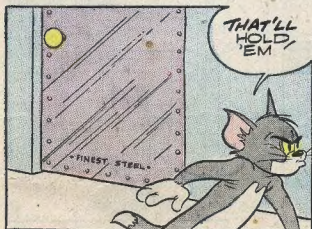
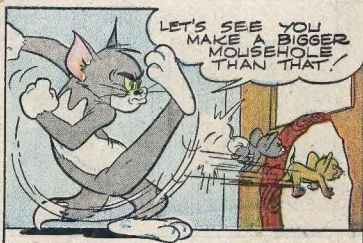
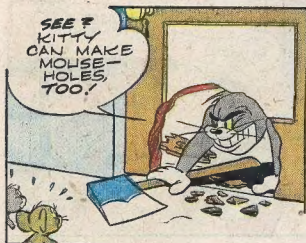


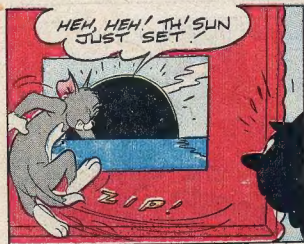
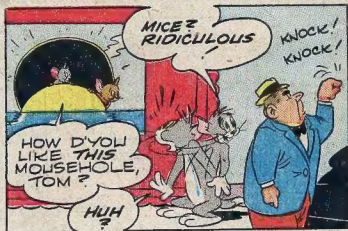
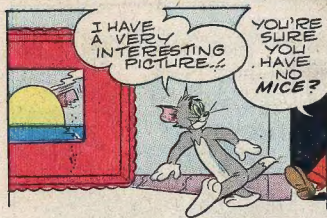
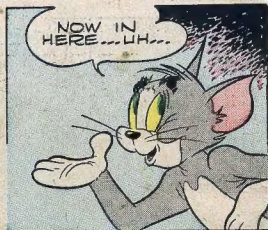
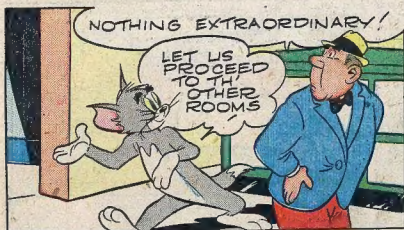
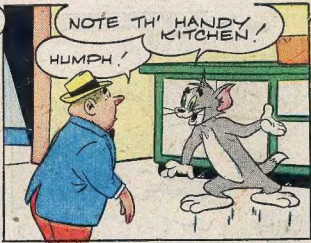
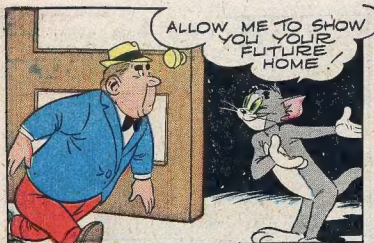


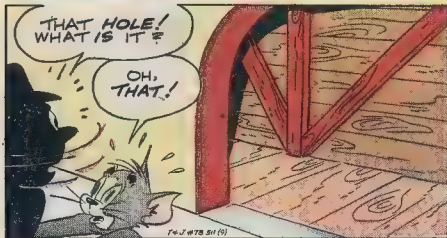
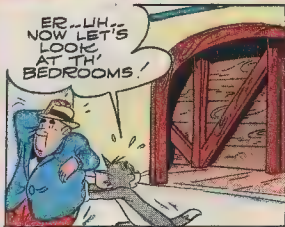
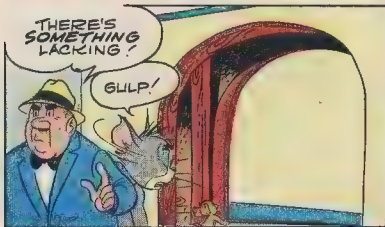
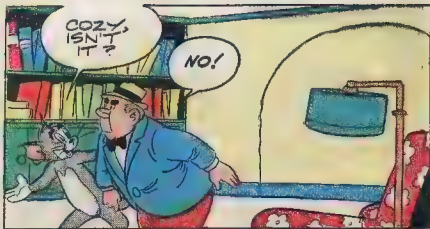
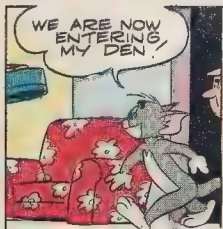
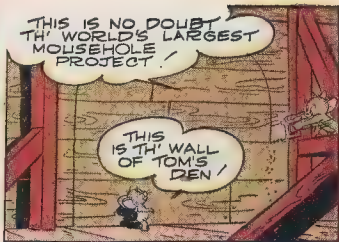
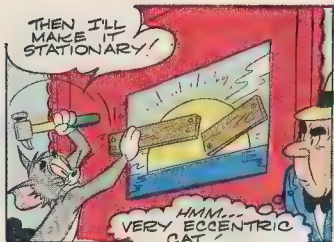


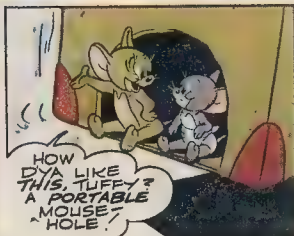
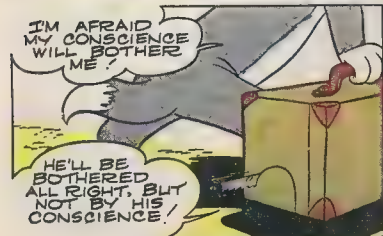
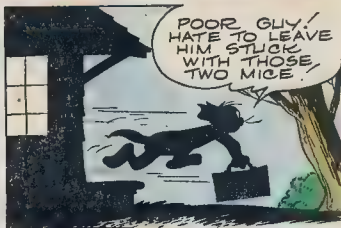
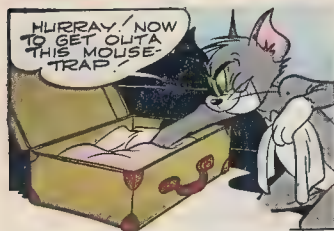
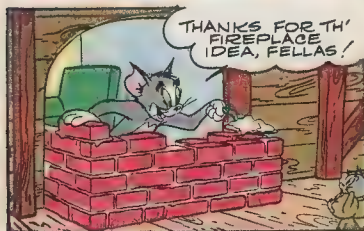
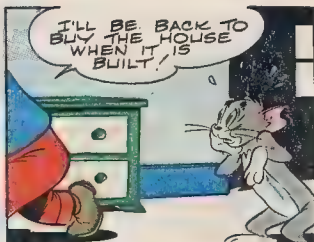


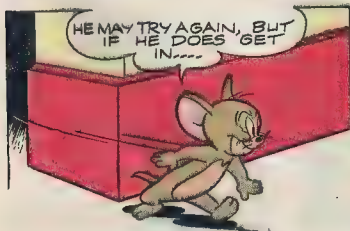
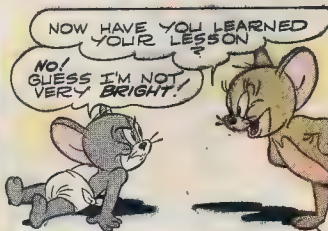
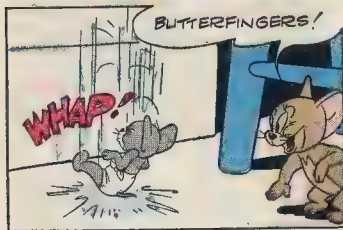
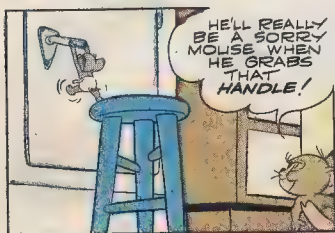
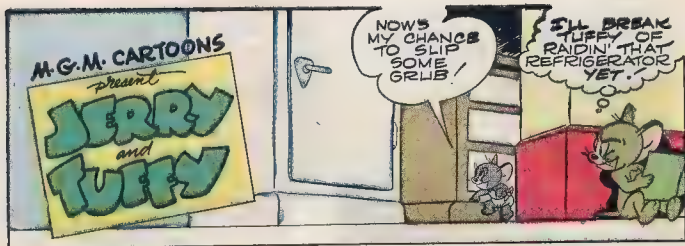


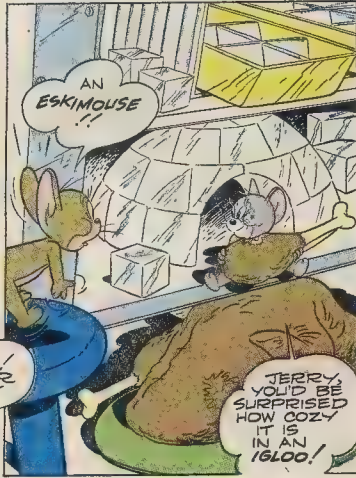
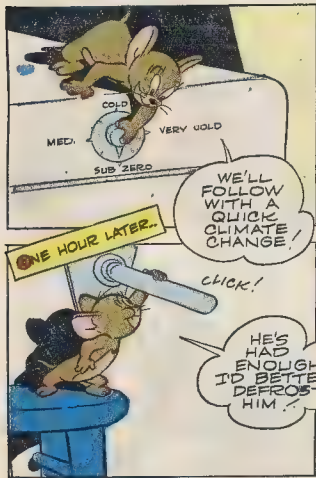
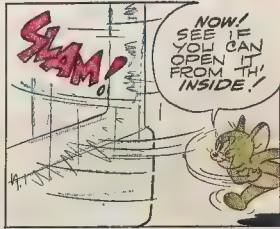
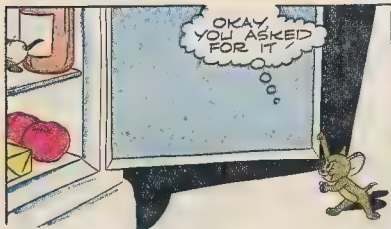
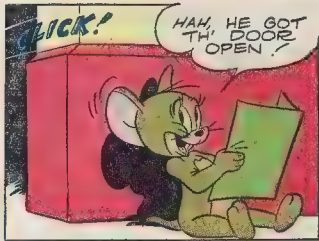
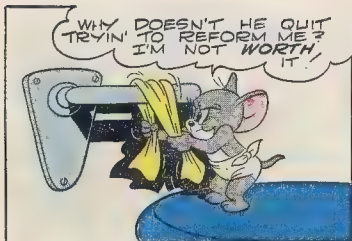


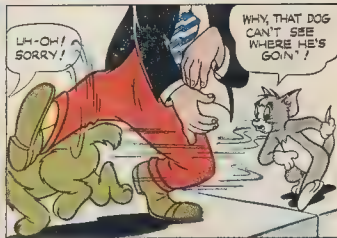
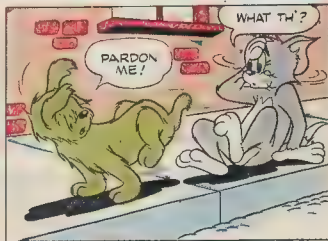
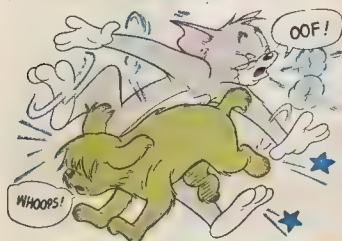
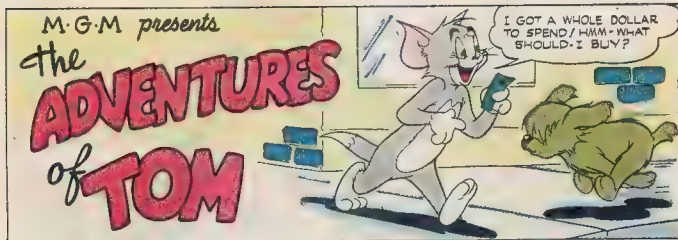


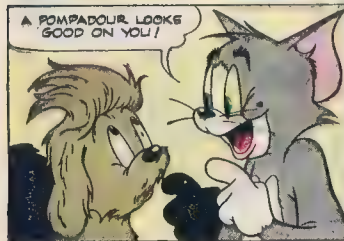
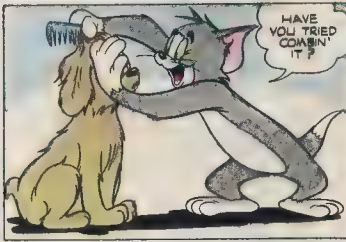
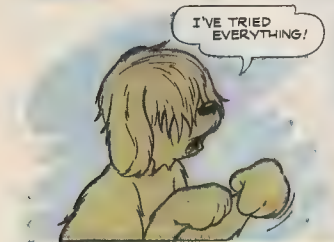
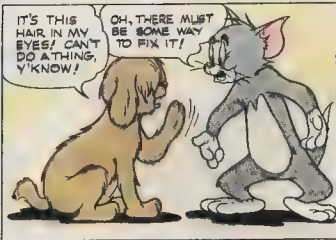
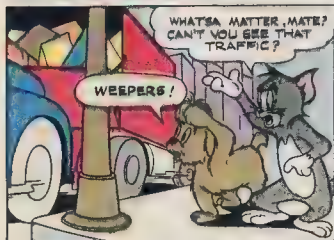
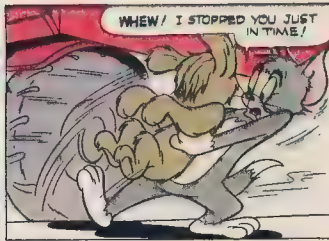


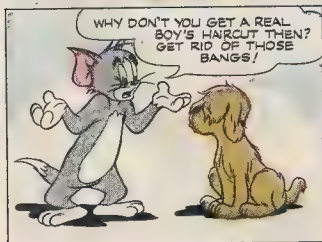
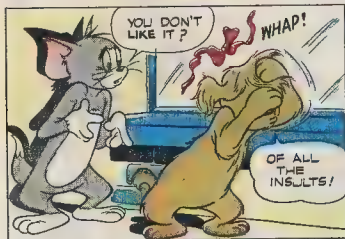
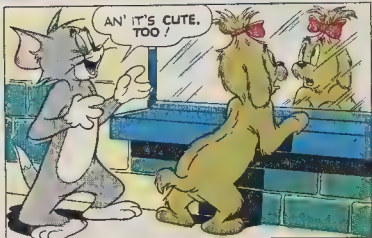
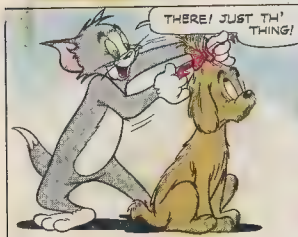
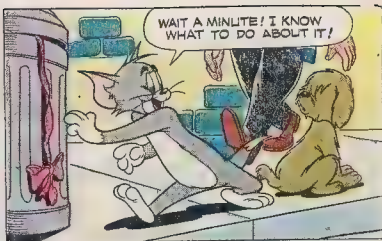
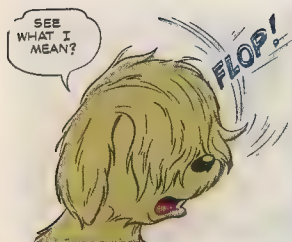


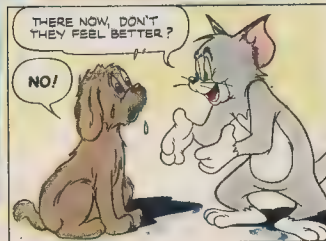
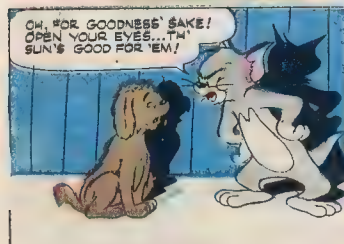
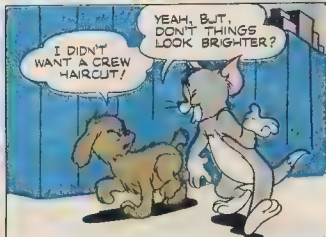
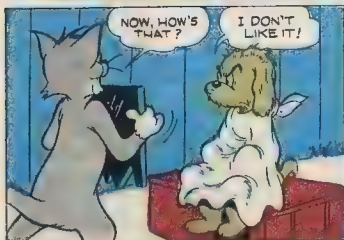
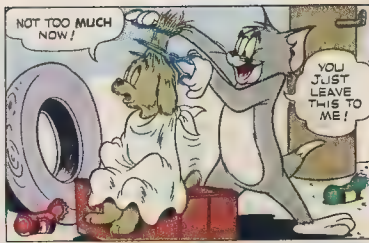


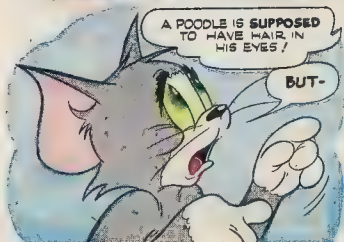
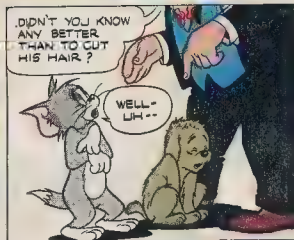
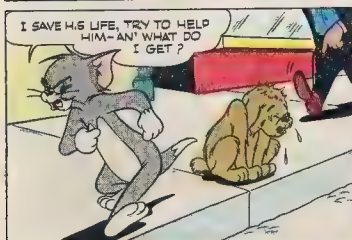
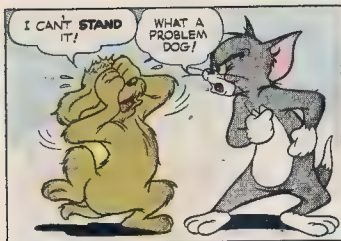


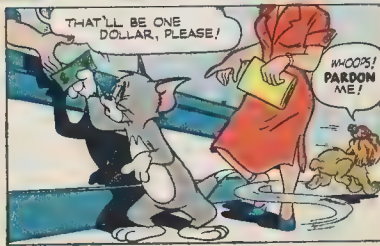
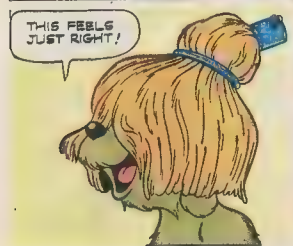
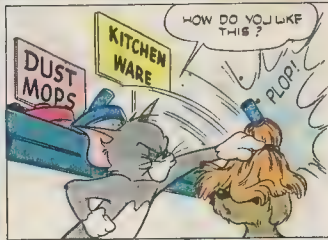
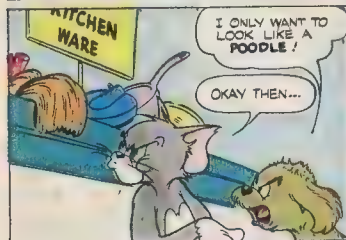
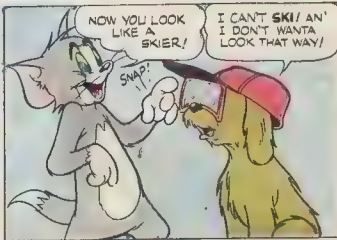
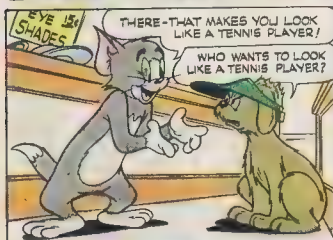
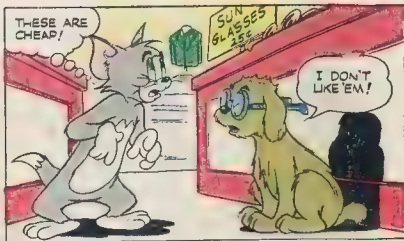














"Merry Christmas, Filbert!" cried Jerry and Tuffy together.

Filbert, the squirrel, stuck his head out of his warm nest, high in the fork of the old oak tree. "Well, curl my whiskers and call me 'cutey,' if it's not my little cousins, Jerry and Tuffy!" he chattered. "What might you be doing out on a cold winter night such as this? Snow's three feet deep! 'Tain't no night for man nor mouse! . . . Nor squirrel either, I might add!"

"Why, it's a beautiful night!" replied Jerry. "The stars are sparkling like anything and there's a nice icy crust on the snow! Besides, it's Christmas Eve. . . and that should make you feel so warm on the inside, that you'd never notice it's cold on the outside!"

"Jerry's right!" Tuffy chimed in. "Just wrap that tail around your head for ear muffs and make haste down that tree! We're going to have a real old-fashioned Carol Sing!"

Filbert's eyes shone with excitement. "Gosh, fellows, that sounds like loads of fun! Tell you what! Give me an hour to shake the moths out of my baritone and tune it up a bit! Then I'll meet you wherever you say!"

"That does it!" announced Jerry, as he and Tuffy started back toward their own place. "We've got a fine choir together. Croako, the bullfrog, for the bass notes; Skinny, the fat pantry mouse

for the high notes; Filbert can hold the in-between melody and you and I will harmonize!"

"Golly!" exclaimed Tuffy, as they neared the house in which they had their apartment. "What will we do about food?"

"What do you mean?" asked Jerry. "There's always loads to eat around the house, at this time of the year."

Tuffy shook his head. "I'm not worried about us, but what about our guests? You just can't give a Christmas Eve party without food or presents. . . or something!"

The little mice ducked through a hole in the cellar window and perched on the inside ledge for a moment. "You're right!" agreed Jerry. "I never thought of that! Let's see . . . I can get some nuts for Filbert out of the silver bowl on the dining room table, and some . . ."

He was interrupted by an unearthly sound!

"MEE mee OWWWWWww! ! !"

Jerry and Tuffy were panic-stricken! They grabbed one another and tumbled off the window ledge, right into the laundry tub below. . . SPLASHHH! ! !

They had landed in a mass of soaking linens and warm soapy water!

"Blub . . . burble . . . blub!" sputtered Jerry, as he climbed up on an air-filled fold in a wet pillow case. Tuffy was right behind him. Both little fellows perched

there for a moment, unable to utter a word. Every time they opened their mouths, bubbles would fly in all directions.

Finally, Tuffy was able to blurt out indignantly, "W-w-wouldn't you think they'd know better! Of all the dumb places to put a tub!"

"MEE mee mee OWWWWwww !!!"

The awful cry rang out again!

"What was that?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," squeaked Tuffy, "and let's talk it over somewhere else! This is not the time of year for bathing!"

They climbed over the edge of the tub and hastily jumped to the floor. Then, Jerry straightened up, looked around and exclaimed, "Well! I might have known!"

Over on the other side of the laundry room, seated on top of an ironing board, was a large cat! In front of him, propped



here soon!"

Tom didn't seem to be in the mood for a battle. He sadly looked down at the two damp mice. "I've been practicing and practicing!" he sighed. "Does it really sound so bad?"

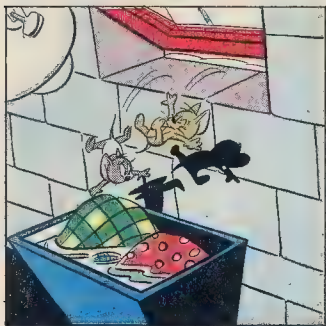
"Worse!" answered Jerry emphatically.

"I guess I might as well give up, then!" moaned the cat. "The Lorg-Whiskered Hep Cat Quartette is going caroling tonight, but I can't go with them unless I learn the bass part!" Tom was practically in tears. "Now, I'll have to spend Christmas Eve all by myself! Sniff! Sniff!"

"No, you won't!" cried the soft-hearted Jerry. "You can join our party!"

Tuffy groaned, then muttered under his breath, "What fools some mice be!"

Tom brightened for a moment, then looked downcast again. "Aw, you really



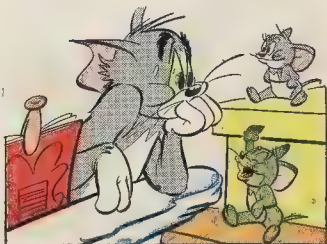
against a small sleeve board and held open by two clothespins, was a book of Christmas carols!

"Come on, Jerry! Let's get out of here!" urged Tuffy in a whisper.

Before they could move away, Tom leaned his head to one side, opened his mouth and wailed, "See--ilent Nee--ight! . . . See--ilent Nee--ight! . . ."

"Oh!" cried Jerry. "That's awful!"

Tuffy grabbed his pal and tried to pull him away. "This is no time to start a fight with Tom! Our company will be





don't want ME!"

"Oh, sure!" cried Jerry, before Tuffy could open his mouth. "Everyone ought to be happy tonight! We WANT you to join us, Tom!"

Tom beamed and then asked apologetically, "Uh-uh-uh—Jerry—don't you think you ought to listen to me warble a few more tunes—before you make up your mind?"

"Huh? Oh, no thanks, Tom!" chirped the little mouse. "Tuff and I have to run and get dried off before our guests arrive! If we go out caroling with wet fur, we'll freeze solid!"

"He's right!" chimed in Tuffy, edging towards the door. "You wouldn't want us to be MICICLES would you, Tom?"

Before darting out the door, Jerry called back, "Meet us at the back fence in an hour!"

Tom nodded happily.

As soon as the two little mice were on their way up the cellar steps, out of sight and sound of the cat, Tuffy blew up. "What's the matter with you, Jerry? How do you know what he'll do? He may not SING 'bass,' but you know he sure can act 'base.'"

"Oh, calm down!" laughed Jerry, as they neared their apartment under the hall stairs: "Tom's all right! Don't forget, Tuffy, we tease him a lot! As for his singing, don't worry! I've thought of a way to eliminate that!"

Tuffy was far from convinced, but he and Jerry had too much to do before the others arrived, to waste time in argu-

ment over Tom.

"I'll run and get some walnuts for Filbert and some carrot sticks for Bonnie Rabbit!" volunteered Jerry.

"Good!" replied Tuffy. "I'll wrap up a muffler that I made out of an old sock. It will be a swell gift for Croakò, the frog! He's got so much neck to get cold around!"

A little later, while Tuffy was busy wrapping gifts, Jerry dashed back into the apartment. He was laden with a bulging paper bag. "If you'd had that on your back, I'd have mistaken you for Santa Claus!" joked Tuffy.

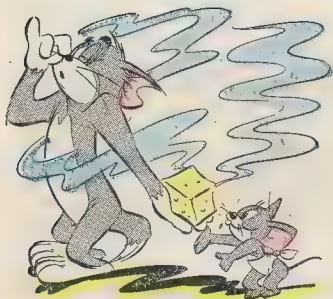
"Whew!" puffed Jerry. "And this isn't all! I left some outside! Let's hurry and take it down to the garage. When we're through singing, we can meet there for our party!"

It took three trips to get all the party provisions down to the garage, but finally everything was in readiness. "I guess we had better get out to the back fence," suggested Jerry. "Some of the carolers may have arrived, and we should do some practicing before strolling from house to house!"

When they got to the fence, the only arrival was Filbert. "Hi! Merry Christmas! Nice night for a sing!" he chattered gaily and then a startled expression came over his face!

Without so much as a good-bye, he turned tail and darted over the icy fence and into the snow-coated shrub-





bery!

Jerry and Tuffy looked around to see what had startled him so. "It's that old Tom!" cried Tuffy, as the cat walked slowly toward them. "I knew he'd spoil everything!"

"Golly!" exclaimed Jerry. "I forgot that the others might be uneasy about Tom joining our group!"

Tom looked very sad. "I'm sorry! Honest, fellows, I tried to tell that silly rabbit with the frog and the fat mouse that I was supposed to sing with all of you but they ran off just like the squirrel did!"

"See!" cried Tuffy. "He's ruined the whole party! Everyone's afraid of him!"

Jerry gazed thoughtfully at the star-studded sky. Then he smiled at the aroused Tuffy and the dejected cat. "Well, we're not afraid of him... not tonight, that is! So, let's stop fussing and have some fun! I know... I'll run back and get Tom his Christmas present, right now!" Jerry darted off through the crisp cold air.

Tom grinned hesitatingly at Tuffy. "I brought you two a little something!" he mumbled. Then, embarrassed, he shoved a small silver-wrapped package in front of Tuffy.

Even the frigid winter night couldn't dull the perfume that wafted from Tom's gift!

"Mmmmmmm!" sighed Tuffy, com-

pletely captivated at last. "Limburger! Genuine, Luscious Limburger Cheese!"

"Almost passed out three times carrying it here!" laughed Tom. "But I know you and Jerry prize it highly! You should have seen Cook's face when she missed it off the cheese board!"

Just then, Jerry came running back with the package for Tom. "Merry Christmas, Tom!" sang Jerry. "I hope this little item makes you as happy as I hope it will make the rest of us!"

Tom's face glowed with pleasure when he unwrapped a shiny red harmonica!

"Aw... gosh, fellows... you shouldn't have done it!" he stammered, pleased as he could be.

Tom blew a few practice notes.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jerry and Tuffy, as the music sounded clear and ON KEY!

Prancing with delight, Tom swung right into the tune of "Deck the Halls With Boughs of Holly!" Jerry and Tuffy hopped up on the fence and began to sing in their squeaky voices!

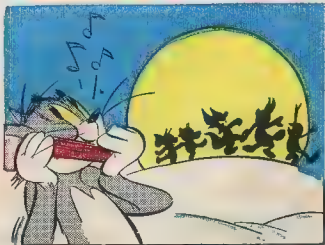
Suddenly, other voices joined theirs!

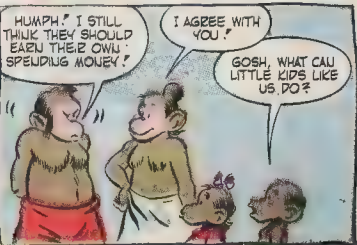
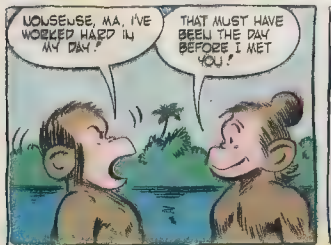
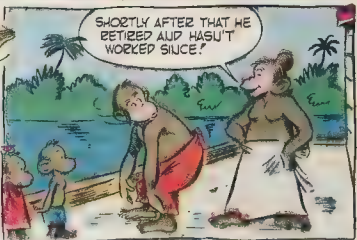
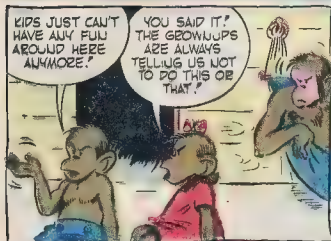
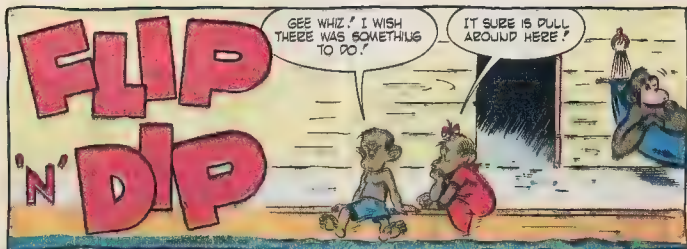
In surprise, Tuffy stopped singing to exclaim happily, "Wh-wh-why, it's the rest of our choir!"

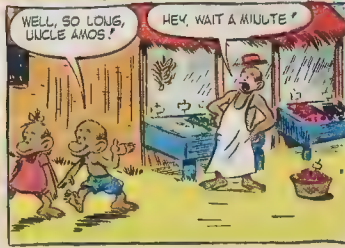
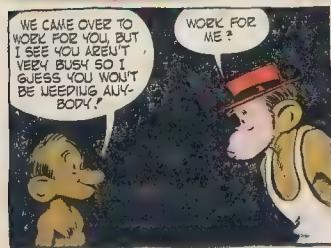
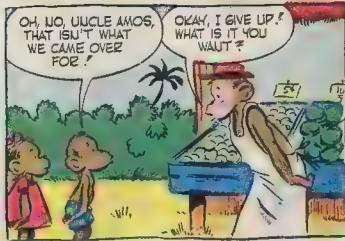
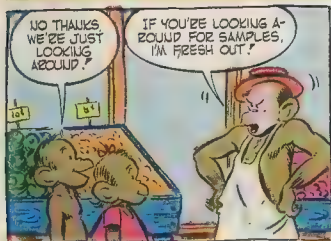
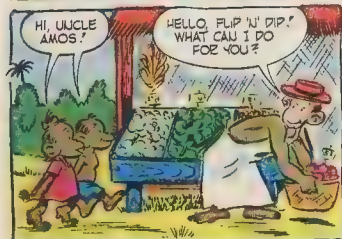
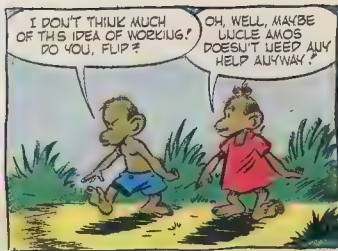
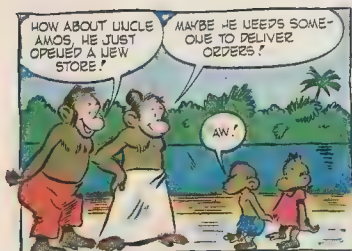
Filbert, Bonnie, Skinny and Croako all clustered around the harmonica-playing Tom!

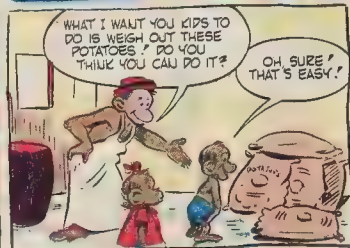
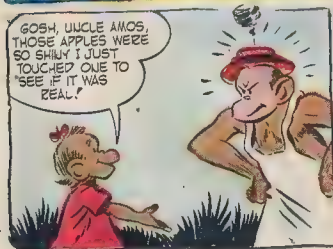
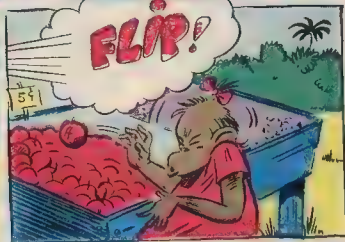
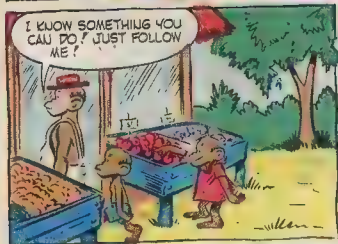
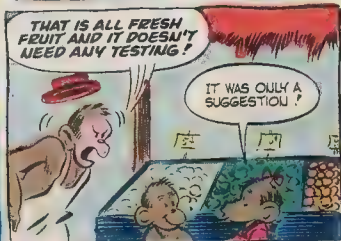
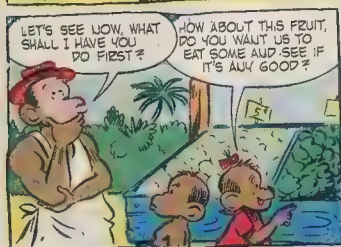
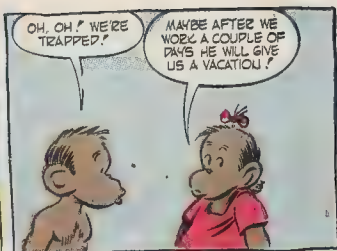
"We weren't afraid of TOM!" croaked the frog. "But we sure were scared to death of that voice of his!"

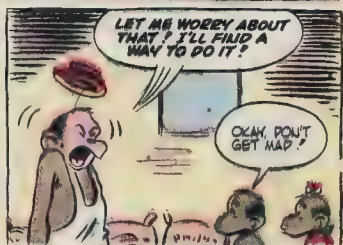
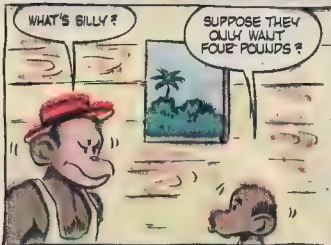
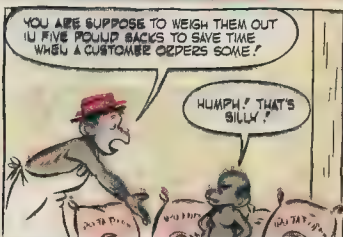
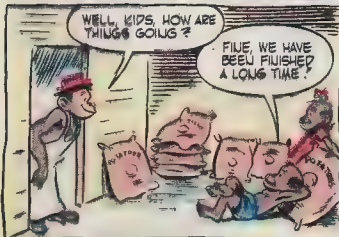
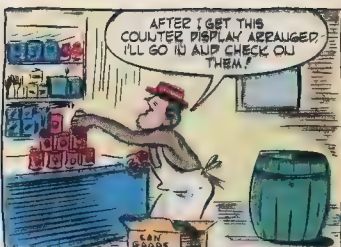
And the little group of carolers moved off into the night, singing songs of old... to the lilting strains of a small red harmonica.

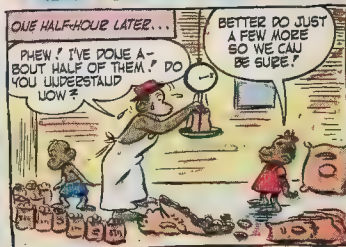
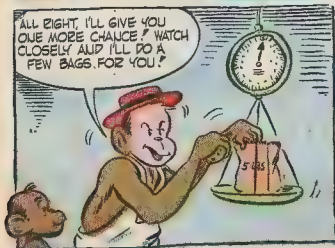
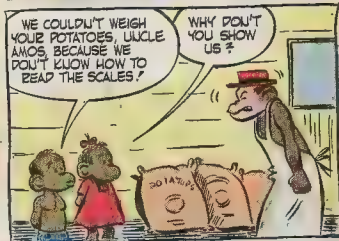
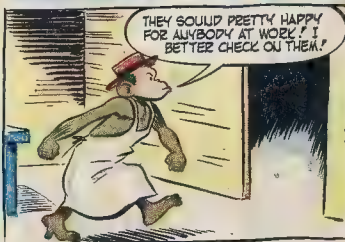
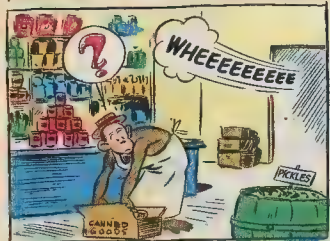
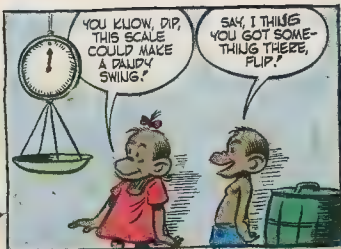


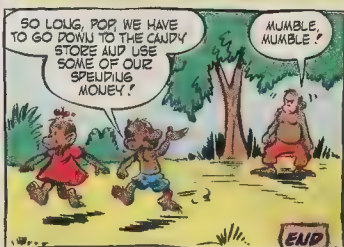
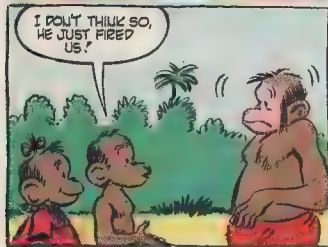
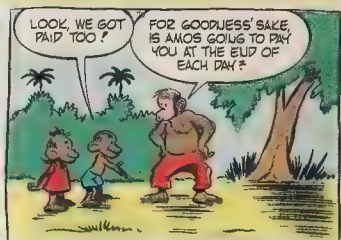
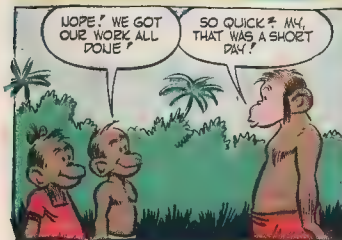
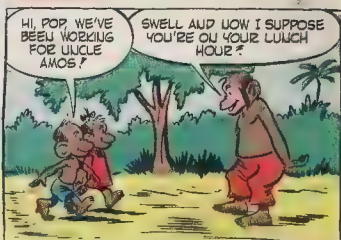
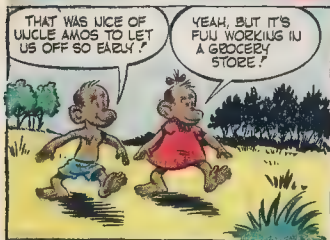
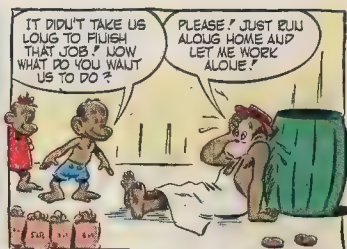
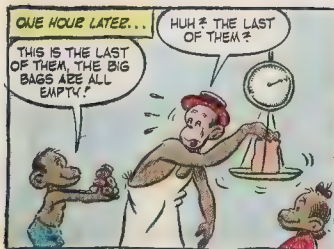












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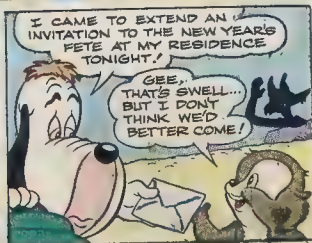
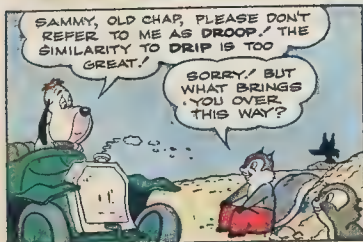
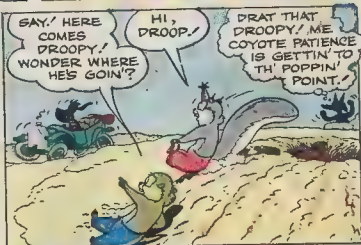
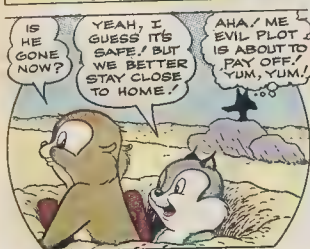
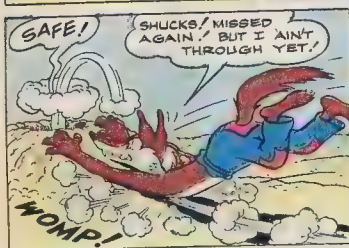
M.G.M. CARTOONS

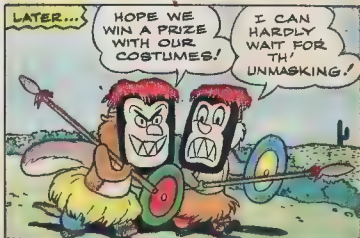
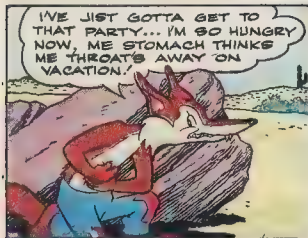
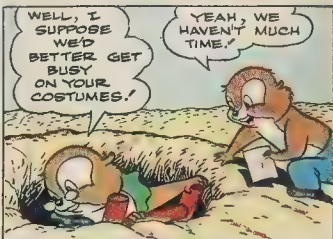
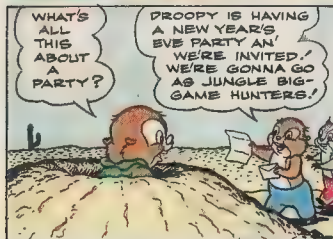
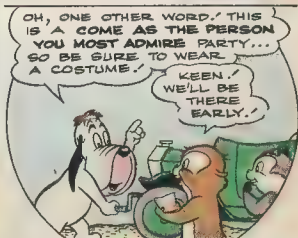
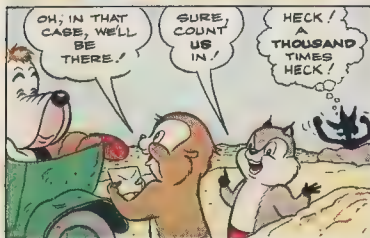
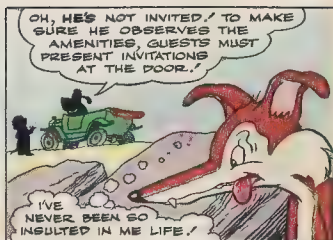
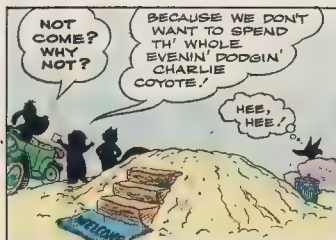
present
WUFF.
the
PRAIRIE DOG

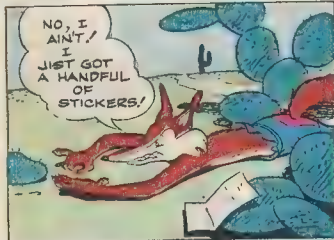
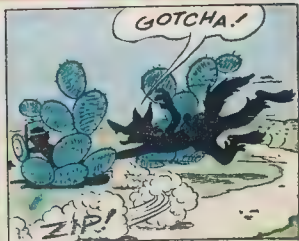
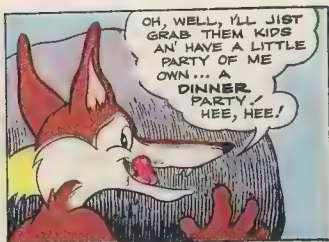
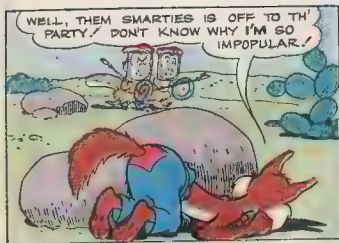
ONLY A LITTLE FARTHER
NOW, SAMMY!

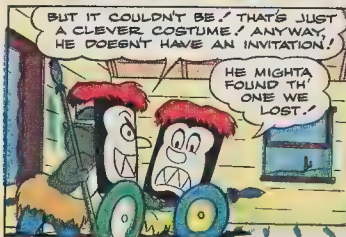
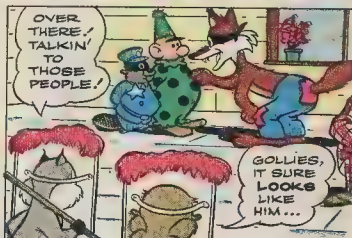
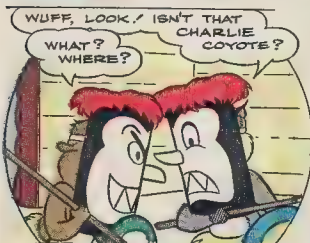
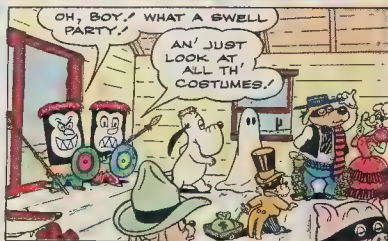
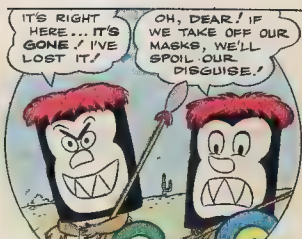
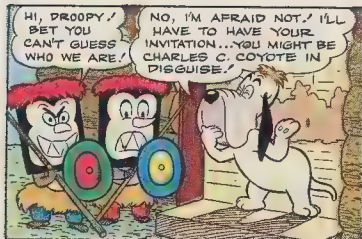
I'LL MAKE A
MEAL OF YUH YET!

3 PUFF, PUFF, 2
HOPE... WE... MAKE...
IT!



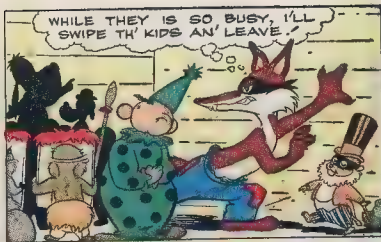




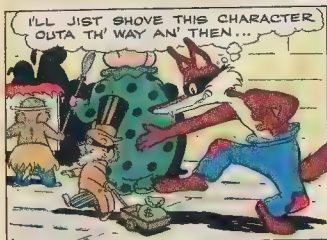




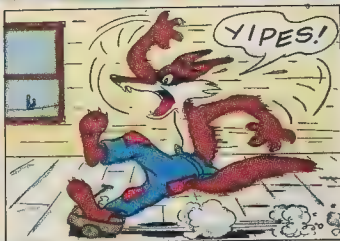
HEE! HEE! EVERYBODY HERE
THINKS I
LOOKS TOO
REAL TO
BE
REAL!



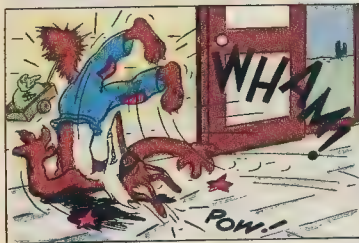
WHILE THEY IS SO BUSY, I'LL
SWIPE TH' KIDS AN' LEAVE!



I'LL JIST SHOVE THIS CHARACTER
OUTA TH' WAY AN' THEN...

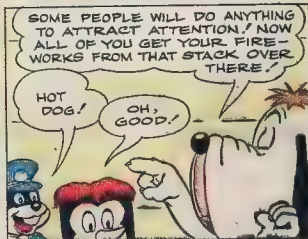


YIPES!



WHAM!

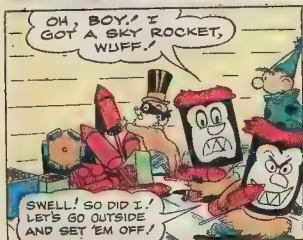
POW!



SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING
TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! NOW
ALL OF YOU GET YOUR FIRE-
WORKS FROM THAT STACK OVER
THERE!

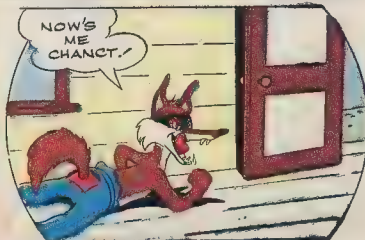
HOT
DOG!

OH,
GOOD!

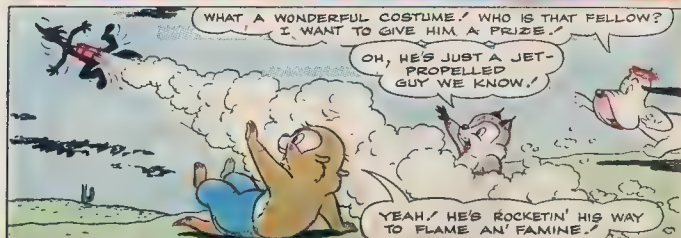
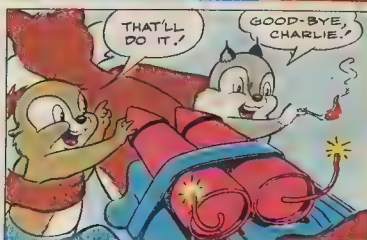
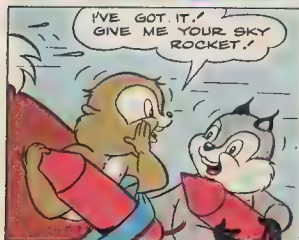
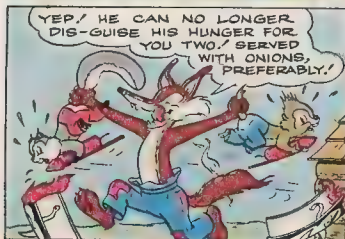
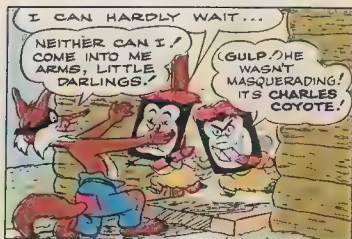
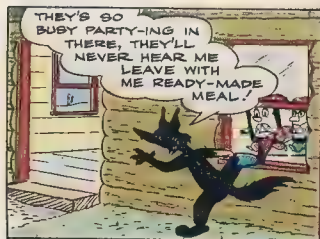


OH, BOY! I
GOT A SKY ROCKET,
WUFF!

SWELL! SO DID I!
LET'S GO OUTSIDE
AND SET 'EM OFF!



NOW'S
ME
CHANCT!

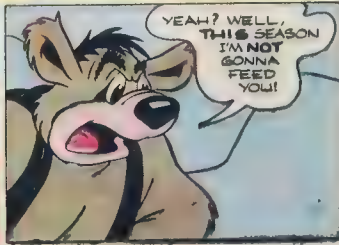
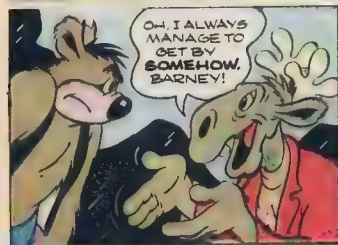
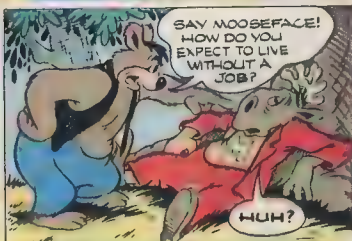
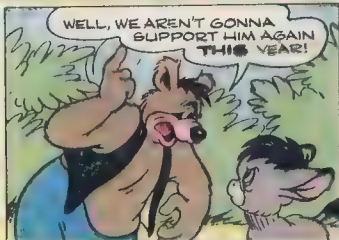
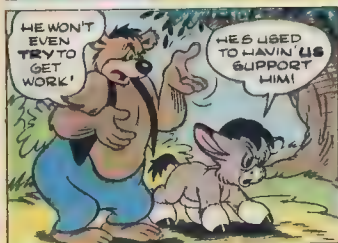


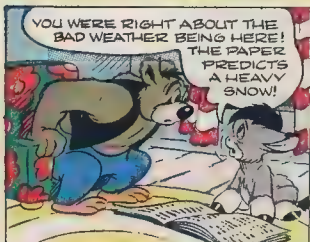
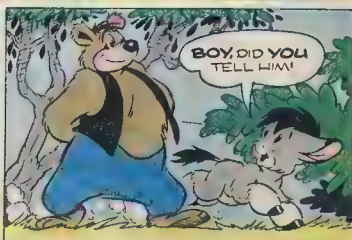
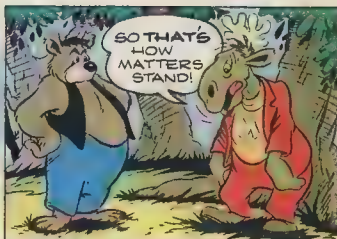
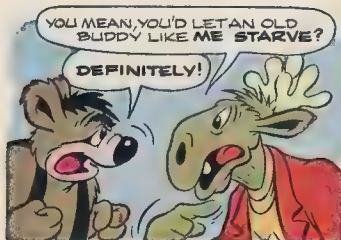
M.G.M. CARTOONS

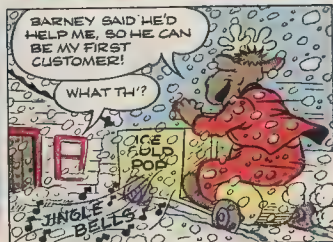
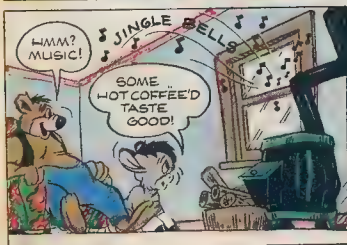
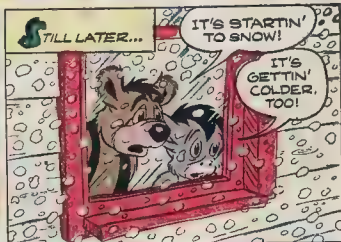
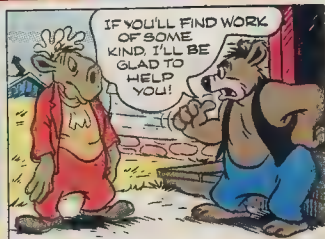
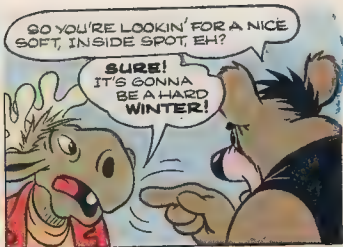
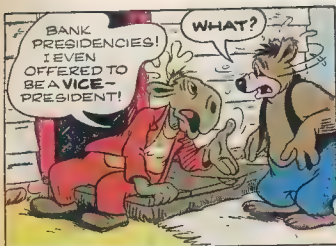
Present

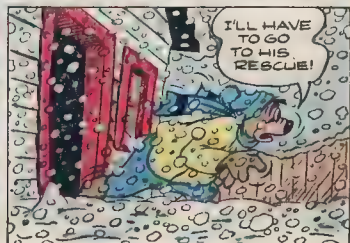
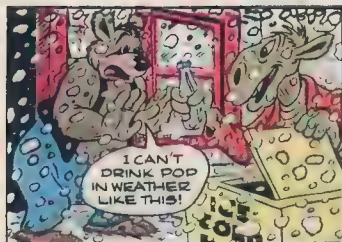
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

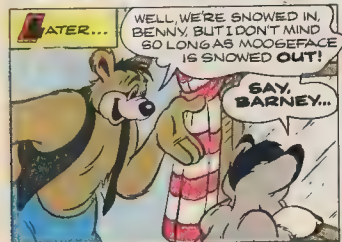
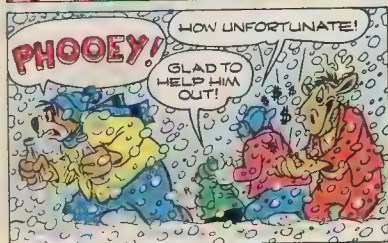
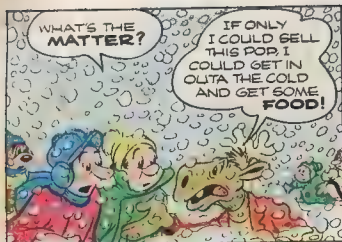
BAD WEATHER IS ALMOST HERE,
AN' MOOSEFACE IS STILL
LOAFIN'!

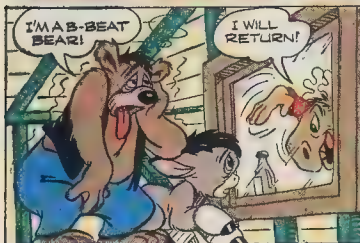
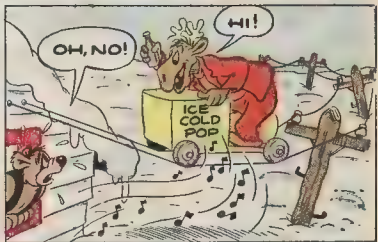
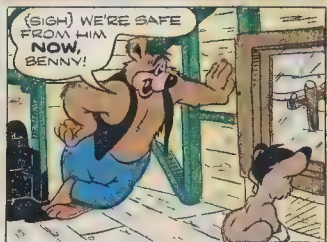
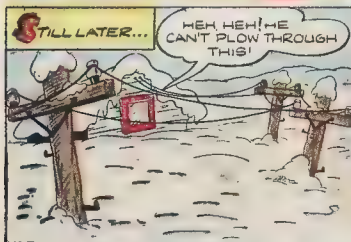


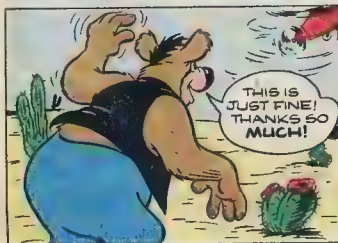
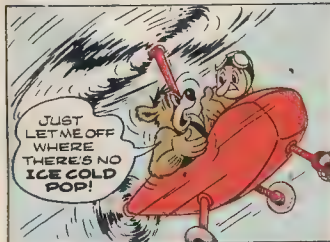
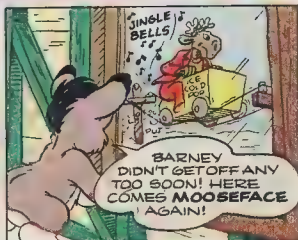
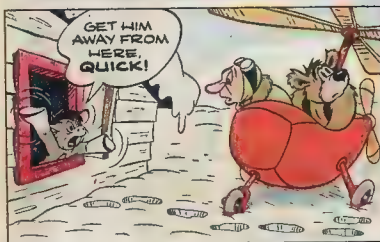
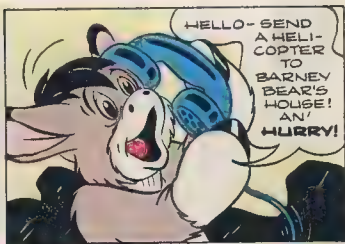
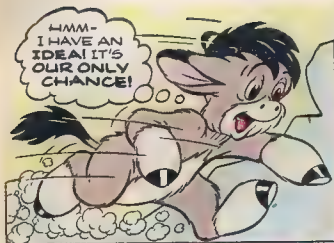


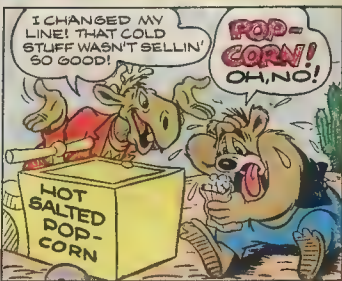
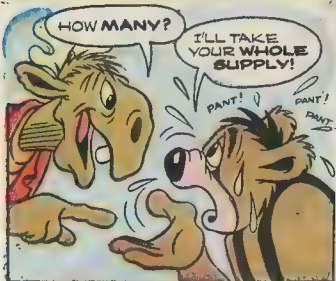
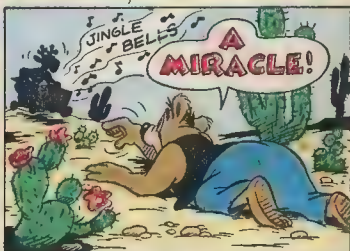
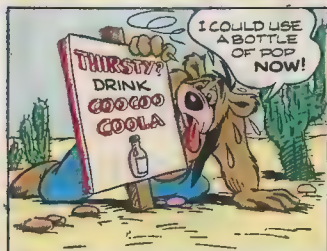
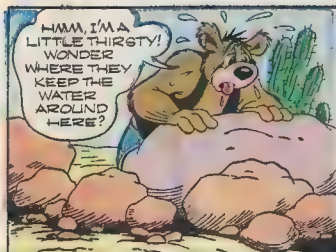












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1913, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 3, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 333) of Tom and Jerry Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, Nonte; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 351 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margaret Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1950
JEANNETTE S. GREEN
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1952)

M-G-M. CARTOONS

Present

fuzzy and wuzzy

IT'S DISGUSTIN' TH' WAY THEY PAMPER AN' FEED THAT WORTHLESS MUTT!

SPEAK, CLARENCE, SPEAK!

GOSH, HE'S SMART!

WOOF!

YOU KIDS DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT DOGS GOT BRAINS, DO YOU?

HE KNOWS HOW TO SIT UP AN' BEG!

I'LL GO BUY A GOOD BLOODHOUND AN' SHOW YOU A POOCH WHO REALLY EARNS HIS KEEP!

CLARENCE IS SMART ENOUGH FOR US!

LATER...

WAIT'LL THEY SEE VON SHERLOCK FOLLOW A TRAIL!

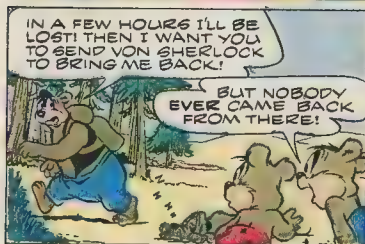
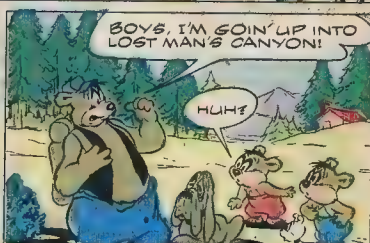
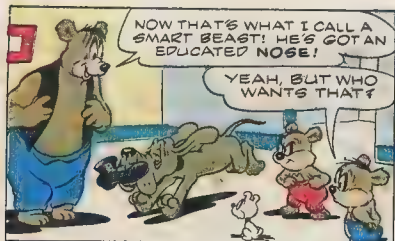
THIS'LL BE A TEST... I'M GONNA HIDE THIS SHOE!

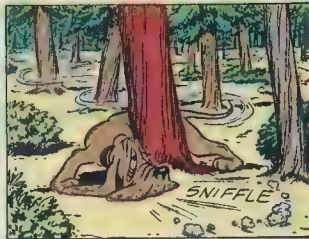
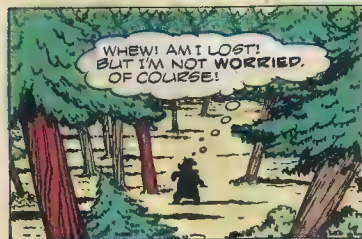
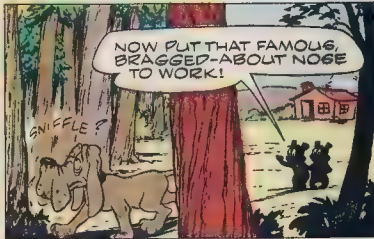
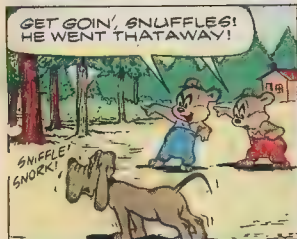
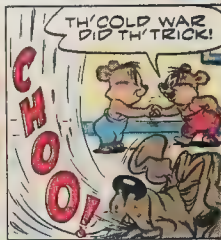
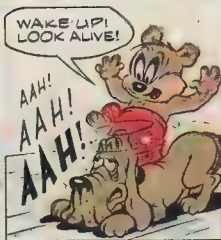
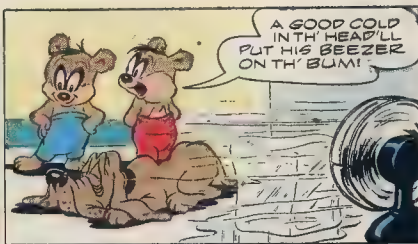
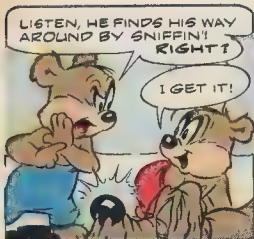
UGH! WHAT A MUG!

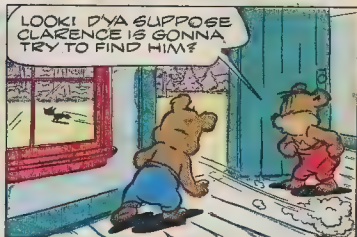
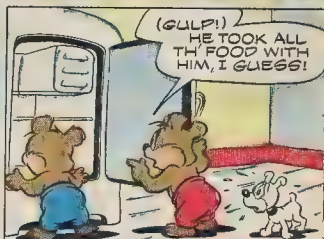
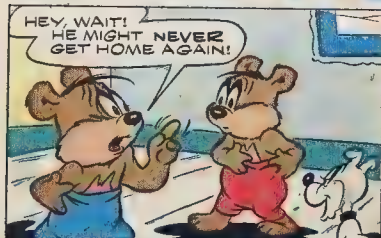
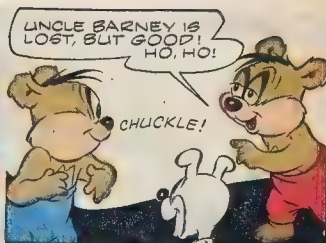
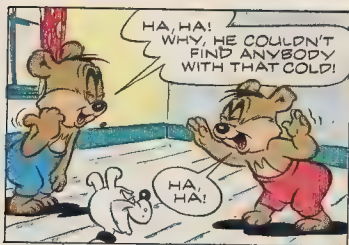
NOW WE'LL SEE WHICH ONE CAN FIND IT FIRST!

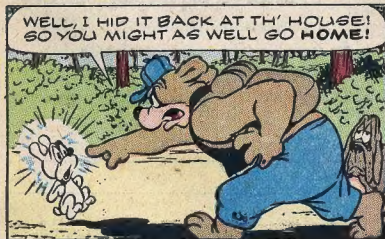
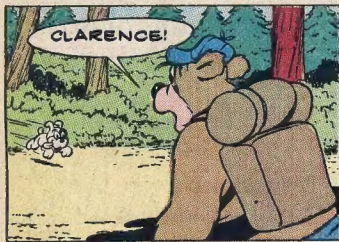
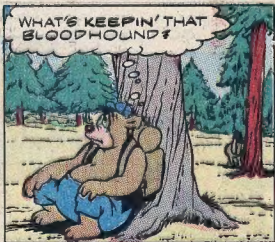
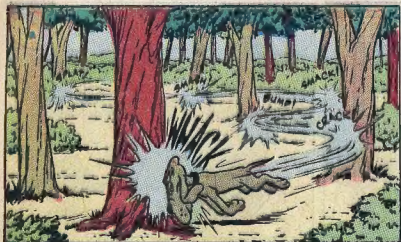
HA, HA! WHY CLARENCE JUST SITS THERE!

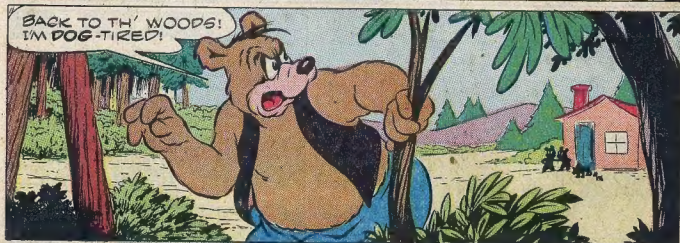
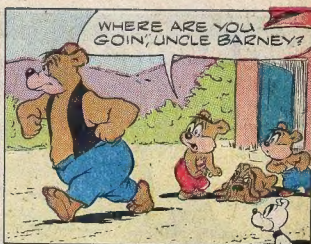
IF HE WANTED A SHOE, HE'D FIND ONE!











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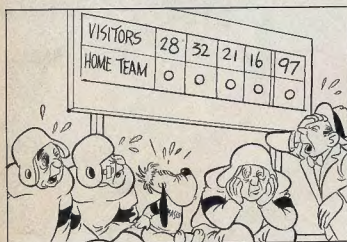
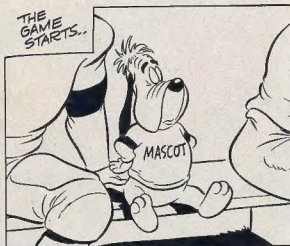
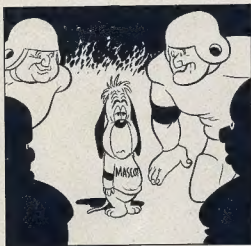
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